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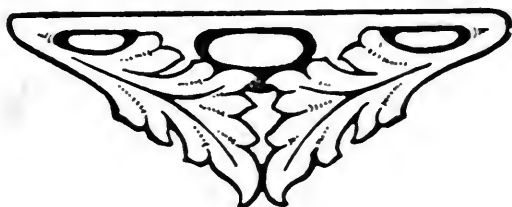




# 7740

# The House of James

A TRIBAL TALE



By

Schuyler Colfax Spero

ONE OF THE TRIBE

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JAMES (Senior)

Recd June 3-1980





MARTHA (Grandma )



## Preface

It is the purpose of this little book to cement more closely that feeling which should exist among friends and relatives; to add joys to the living and make brighter the memories of our loved ones who have passed beyond the shadows. It is to these and to those who may grace the future, and to the good friends of our tribe, near and far, that this volume is dedicated.

The writer entertains a high regard for those who bear his name or relation thereto, and should this family tale give to them some pleasure, its writing will have not been in vain.



## LISTEN, O SPEROS! \*

Listen, O Speros, and we shall hear  
Of days of care and the days of cheer;  
Of days when clouds seem to crowd the light  
Toward gloomy realms of darkest night;  
When hope but gropes along the way  
Till stars with light come out to play  
And show the course to the rosy dawn  
Where new songs begin and clouds are gone!

Of days of care and of days of cheer,  
Ah! this is the tale we all must hear;  
The bitter and sweet, the joy and pain  
Commingle in life, sunshine and rain;  
They grow the roses and thorns as well  
On sunny slopes and in shady dell,  
And spell the hope and the cheer and gloom  
That companion all to the silent tomb.

We'll not discuss the dark side too long,  
For this reunion with light and song  
Is meant to drive dull cares away,  
That joy may grow in the bloom of day.  
Listen, O Speros! 'tis better far  
To live in light, that our guiding star  
May beacon us on in Hope's fond way  
To the sweeter realms of fairer day!

\*This name, like many others, is spelled in various ways, "Spearow" is the form which was used by our James, senior. But time has made changes in many things and a number are now using the shorter form of "Spero." This, however, is merely optional.







ROSANNAH



'Tis better to think on the good in life  
Than to dwell on the pain of onward strife;  
May the light of love gleam as we run  
While Joy is a-pulse in the shade and sun;  
May beauties we see in wood and stream  
And glory-glances of morning's gleam,  
Keep us attuned with the pure and high—  
The full-grown noon and air's lullaby.

That we may truly this tale relate,  
In fancy turn to the Keystone State,  
Where our grandsire's father and his sire, too,  
Lived at the time when freedom was new,  
And the fairest flush of Liberty's glare  
Was piercing the storm-clouds everywhere.  
Listen, O Speros! for here we'll begin  
This tribal tale which we hope will win  
High regard for our ancestors' ways  
'Mid those olden Pennsylvania days.

Thus it was in the fight for the right  
Our forefathers gave honor and might;  
Like all true men our glorious sires  
Helped to enliven Liberty's fires  
That were burning and spreading anew,  
Ah! burning the very heavens through;  
And in those days of peril to all  
The Speros were found true to the call.

Now this may appear of self-praise wrought  
But please, O Speros, perish the thought;  
For though we may not with lustre shine  
As great as some in history's line;



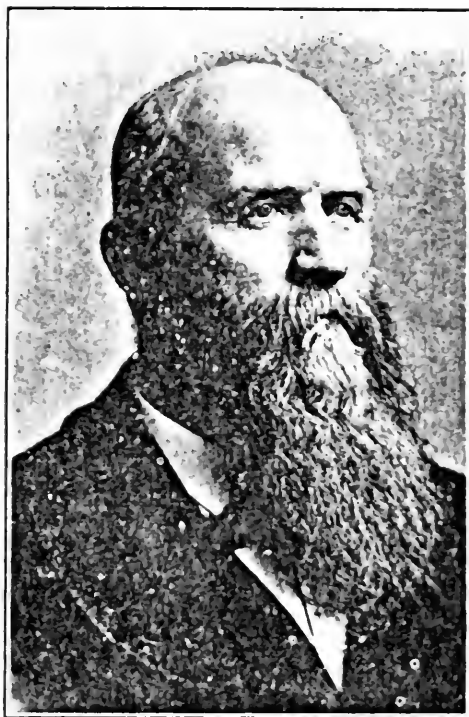
Yet this great truth in the scheme of Life,  
That only a few lead in the strife,  
May help to show that the greatest things  
Are not always the blare of trumpetings,  
But ofttimes the calm and peaceful way  
Melodies life with its sweetest lay!

And should we not all be pleased to know  
Of the lives that grew 'mid freedom's glow;  
Not alone our sires but all whose deeds  
Rang free and clear for our country's needs!  
Then let this thought oft recur to you,  
That the good in life, 'tis very true,  
Began to bud and bloom and expand  
When our grandsires made their final stand  
In freedom's cause, that justice and right  
Might be to all the dawn of new light.

The dawn of light for all the Speros  
Was near where the Susquehanna flows;  
At the eastern end of the Keystone state  
Ah! many fond tales we might relate  
Of this tribe that lived in work and song,  
Or traversed the wooded hills along  
And pitched their tents not so very far  
From where Washington crossed the Delaware.

'Tis joy to know that those days of yore  
Are filled with the songs of tribal lore;  
With wild romance and poetic dream  
Those picturesque days will ever gleam  
And give to this tribe assembled here  
A feeling mingled with grief and cheer.





JOHN





Listen, O Speros, for we shall know  
That these charmed spots in the long ago  
From Lancaster hills to Germantown  
Where freedom grew and spread its renown;  
From Reading to Trenton and all the way  
Through vales that stretch from Delaware bay;  
The lakes, the wood and the hills around  
That served as happy hunting ground;  
These all were left for the wild, wierd glow  
That gleamed far beyond the Ohio.

There is a desire in some tribes born  
Not of mere passion nor hope forlorn;  
But a force impelled to do and dare,  
To carry life's battles on somewhere  
In the far away on wild frontier  
Where hope is strong and the days appear  
Built in a different sort of way  
And Nature sings forth her wildest lay.

Now few of our early tribesmen strayed  
But most in Lancaster county stayed,  
And in peace and war, it may seem strange,  
Not one crossed o'er the mountain range;  
Their's was a contented sort of life  
On those fertile lands that stretch away  
From Susquehanna toward the bay.

The one chief part of our tale we'll state  
Is dated from Eighteen hundred eight;  
'Twas the birth of one and 'tis quite clear  
He is the cause of our being here;  
And should we desire to mention names  
We'll say, "He's first of the House of James;"



And so he was first to break away  
From his friends and kin of boyhood's day;  
First to cross the Allegheny crest  
That his star of hope might shine in the west.

'Twas in Eighteen hundred thirty-two  
When he started toward the western blue  
To seek his home as we all should know  
'Mid Stark County's wilds of Ohio.  
Listen, O Speros! truly 'tis good  
To know our chieftain's early manhood;  
Of times when he and his noble wife  
Braved the hardships of frontier life;  
To grow with the west was the high plan  
Of James Spero, Senior, our tribe's grand man.

All honor to him, for he had been  
Schooled in work by our ancestral men;  
He knew the virtues of useful toil  
In rural ways and tilling the soil;  
His play was largely the joy of work  
And no obligation did he shirk;  
Fair were his duties met as they came—  
Praises for him, the best of our name.

Knit in our love there's one of the lot,  
The wife of our James, who should ne'er be  
    forgot;  
Her self-sacrifice, her true, noble life  
Were as hope enriching the onward strife.  
Her work was for those when shades of day  
Just lingered along in sunshine's way;  
When grief and gloom at times entered in  
And life's fortunes seemed so hard to win;





SAMUEL



'Twas then her good was felt near and far—  
Ah! truly she was the guiding star.  
We must refer to those joys anew  
On that trip in Eighteen thirty-two;  
Tho' wild were the lands they journeyed along,  
It must have thrilled with beauty and song  
And the world 'tis sure was happily drest  
From the lowly vale to the highest crest;  
The vine-clad hills and the streamlet's bank  
Where grew lush thickets dense and rank  
In truth were a moving picture show  
For nature gleamed in her wildest glow.

'Tis in fancy's dreams that o'er us steal  
When wild, wierd scenes make their strong  
    appeal  
And to those whose souls are ever new  
They are like the sight of some strange view  
That lifts and holds us in a spell,  
We scarce know how, we cannot tell;  
But it seems a glory sweeping o'er  
That gilds with light the distant shore.

Now, the house of James, we all will find,  
Is blest with many of every kind;  
And away back in that long ago  
Before starting for the Ohio,  
We've heard it said and we guess it's true—  
"The Spero tribe had increased by two;"  
And of these two, as everyone knows,  
There grew in life's bloom our sweetest Rose;  
But time was kind and as it sped on  
The tribe was enriched by its first John;





And there was a world of joy that grew  
When life was hallowed by those babes two;  
For when our joys are shared with more  
Life seems sweeter than it was before,  
And this was true with the House of James  
When Rose and John were its added names.

But the House of James increased right on  
In our tribe's new home near to Canton;  
It was not long after Summer's noon  
Had bid farewell to the fading June  
And lost itself in those Autumn ways  
Which slowly merge into Winter's days  
That we all find and we gladly tell  
Of the added joy when Samuel  
Made for this tribe just one more score—  
'Twas not long after this trip was o'er.

And it seemed there could be no long stops—  
We mean, of course, to growing of crops—  
But as we've spoken of Rosannah  
We'll now introduce fair Susannah.  
Two boys and two girls there were to claim  
An equal right in our tribal name;  
And a good strong four they proved to be  
In the after years, as we shall see.

William was next the name to prolong  
And he must have come on wings of song;  
For don't you know it was sweet and choice  
To hear his fine, melodious voice  
When he had grown into manhood's glow,  
Just good "Uncle William," don't you know?  
But we must pass on with giving names





SUSANNAH



To the sixth, who was our second James;  
He must have been lively when he began  
For he grew to be a powerful man.  
Listen, O Speros! banish all grudge  
For the next means "a divine judge!"  
Truly we've heard it often and well,  
We must lionize him, our Daniel.  
And e're this gladsome task is closed up  
We mention must give of our Jacob;  
'Bout him 'tis said, you've heard it, maybe,  
"Ah, Jake, he never was a baby!"

But now we come to one of some class  
And 'twould be unjust to let him pass  
Unnoticed in this good list of names,  
An honored one in the house of James.  
Wisdom and peace seemed ever, anon,  
To glow in the name of Solomon;  
And a good man is our "Sol" today—  
Three cheers to him in the Spero way!

Soon the tribe with new joy was awlirl  
As the next was a sweet dimpled girl;  
No doubt she was airy and fairy,  
One thing is sure, they named her "Mary;"  
'Tis she who did that wonderful stunt  
Of bringing to us good Henry Hunt.  
May her glory grow as time glides along—  
Mary, O Mary, to us you belong!

'Mid sylvan hills and near streamlets, too,  
When Ohio was verdant and new  
In vigor and flush of youth there stood  
The early flowers of our tribalhood.



In work and song, in worship and play,  
Close to the soul of nature lived they;  
Knowledge was theirs of the purling streams  
That were touched by smiles of myriad gleams;  
The rose-bowered banks in the depths of wood  
And pathways that led to solitude;  
In unclouded noon; 'neath full-grown moon  
They caught the bliss of nature's boon;  
'Twas like a glad, new swinging world  
With a thousand joy-flags all unfurled  
Just set apart for youth's fond play  
For heaven seemed not so far away.  
No wonder, then, they grew so high  
As Nature's love was the mystic tie.

We will all agree this noble start  
Somehow touches directly on our heart  
As those times seem to merge in our own  
Like glories glanc'd down from the high throne.  
We've heard our own sires speak of those days  
So often they still come to our ways  
And make us feel we might have lived then  
With those substantial women and men  
Whose stay in Ohio lasted o'er  
A time of about twelve years or more.

Yet our memory will be served quite well,  
To note what history's pages tell  
Of those days when the red, white and blue  
Waved for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."  
This was in Eighteen- forty they won  
With our grandsire's vote for Harrison  
The first; hero of battles was he.





But a short time President to be,  
Even our first John, then nine years old,  
Remembered seeing this warrior bold,  
When he and his father went to town—  
But there was no “houn’dawg kicked aroun’.”  
’Twas a different sort of politics then  
Back when our fathers were “little men.”

But these little ones were growing to men  
With the great lights of history then;  
For in Eighteen hundred forty-three  
Was the birth of William McKinley;  
Following this not so very far  
Came the time of the Mexican war,  
And then it was that tribal unrest  
Took the House of James farther west;  
Then it was from the desire to know  
Of the wilds beyond the Ohio,  
That James faced again the western sun—  
Of this we can say, “ ’Twas a thing well done.”

We’ve read of bold cliffs of Bienvenue,  
Of how the chase with excitement grew;  
The hundred dogs that bayed deep and strong,  
The many steeds which clattered along;  
The bark and whoop and the wild halloo,  
And the great unrest that Scotland knew;  
Of all the beauties in green and gray  
That drest her hills in their wild array;  
But these to us are of no avail  
When compared to that pioneer trail  
Which led the way from Susquehanna  
To wooded green of Indiana.



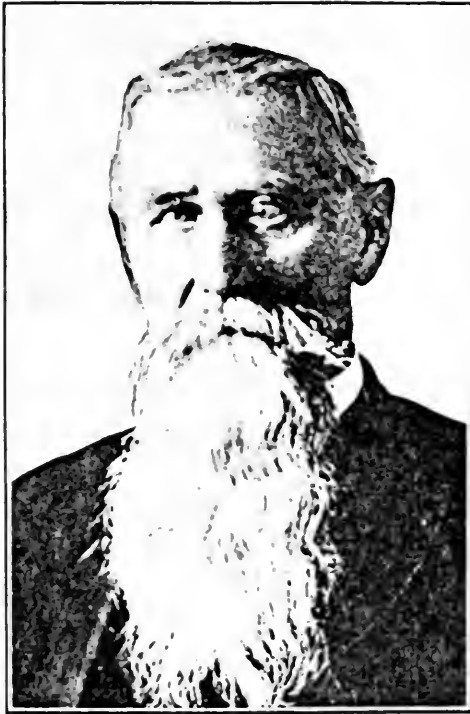
'Twas quite a trip from the Keystone state  
Where we this tale commenced to relate  
And where this tribal band of just four  
Had soon increased to many more  
E're they reached the land in Forty-five  
When Indians "ate 'em up alive!"  
These were wild times in the Hoosier state  
And O, ye gods! what a fearful fate  
If for causes to us quite unknown  
One chanced to be with those Indians thrown.

Listen, O Speros! 'Twas worse than war  
To risk one's life in those wilds afar  
When animals fierce were howling about  
And Red Skins planning to burn one out.  
Can you think of times wilder than these?  
If so they would only our fancy tease  
For our state has evolved from that time  
Into a land not far from sublime!

But our peaceful tribe labored the same  
As they had in Ohio whence they came;  
And wealth amassed in the early days  
Was spent down 'long Dekalb County's ways.  
A place it was amid the wild wood  
And the great silence of solitude  
Except, perchance this early day strife  
May have been livened by Indian life;  
We've heard of no scalps raised in those days  
Just for the sake of pastime plays.

Now a most unfortunate thing there came,  
Simply injustice working its game,





WILLIAM



For our James found he'd been betrayed  
Through actions of low dishonor made  
By one who in goodly friendship's name  
Perpetrated his deceitful game.  
'Twas simply a swindle and a steal  
And guess that's the way we all do feel  
For though in name this man may stand high  
This act none the less clouded our sky  
As it was through him the farm was lost—  
Winter's language would term it a frost.  
'Twas the kind of jolt we sometimes think  
That puts the best of us on the blink;  
And though it was a mighty bad knock  
Our grandsire bravely survived the shock.

Still James kept on with plan and design  
And hope again cleaved the upper line;  
He started once more, not far to roam  
County of LaGrange to find his home,  
A home within the "Forks of the Creek,"  
In Springfield here did he truly seek.  
In Applemanburg lived he awhile  
Much in the glad ways of country style;  
But 'mid all the joys blooming about  
Soon our tribe's hope was nearly crushed out,  
For death claimed the wife and mother there  
And left that home its first "vacant chair."  
Many good mothers have gone away,  
Death somehow comes to sadden the way,  
But let us to them this tribute bring  
A sort of Mother's Day offering:—





Here's a carnation to you, my friend,  
Only a little flower;  
But O, may it be to you, my friend,  
An emblem of Love's bright hour!

Here's a carnation to you, my friend,  
Fairest of flowers among  
Those that are blooming for all, my friend,  
In worlds of roses and song!

Here's a carnation to you, my friend,  
And just a little prayer  
That O! may you ever be the friend  
Of the Mothers everywhere!

Such are the vicissitudes of life  
That kink and smooth this work-a-day strife;  
Joy often follows the deepest gloom,  
Welcome it then, oh, give it much room  
For the pleasures of hope, don't you know,  
Make on this earth a heaven below.  
Good doctrine this our Chief well found,  
As Cupid soon was dancing around,  
And then Mother Two fell into line—  
Of James we say, "he truly did fine;"  
For goodness again gave of its joys  
To the sad home of those girls and boys;  
Little ones needing a mother's care,  
So good Mamma Two came then to share  
And give to them that inspiring bliss  
That comes of a mother's word and kiss.

Thus came the dawn of a brighter life  
As growing days were with new hope rife,



And soon these two in love's fond June  
Were enjoying life in their full noon  
North of the village a mile or so  
Where they lived until twilight's glow  
Came to them as the calm night shades creep  
And kissed them down into dreamless sleep.

For thirty odd years or more lived they  
Right out here along the Springfield way  
On two hundred acres and forty more  
Where a good name this Spero home bore.  
Hospitality reigned there within,  
A sort of goodness that grew to win;  
'Twas a case of the latch-string hanging out  
To friend or stranger going about;  
Or a place where the wide open door  
Was a symbol of love all the more.

The world rolls 'long at a merry pace,  
And somehow it has to, else the race  
Might go backwards and that we all know  
Would produce bankruptcy here below.  
To increase is a cardinal law  
And in it we cannot find a flaw;  
True, we are all glad to see right here  
So many Speros this world to cheer.

The fifties and sixties somewhere between,  
Family number two appeared upon the scene;  
Three there were, but one favored to live,  
And of her special mention we give;  
Maybe it is the law of the Sun,  
Anyway we favor the youngest one;



It seems the fairest and sweetest flower  
Plucked from the richness of Summer's bower;  
Her babyhood then we tenderly see  
As just a rare bit of purity;  
A sort of grace in love's happy play  
That smiles at the morn or caresses the day.  
Ah! she was like the gleam of the sun  
This sweet little girl, the youngest one;  
And had they named her fair Leonore,  
We're sure we could have loved her no more;  
Oh, not even the golden Aurelia  
Is as dear to us as our Amelia!

There are memories sweet in love and song.  
They oft linger and carry us along  
Back over those fields in the long ago  
That bloomed between the Burg and Mongo.  
Of course in fancy we see them now,  
But, O Speros! don't you feel somehow  
The tear drops start, for as boys and girls  
Those loved spots were like a dozen worlds  
That grew their joys to a bigger one  
Like morning smiles that grow with the sun.

Love and romance asserted themselves  
But not exactly as dancing elves;  
And it may be best to have this tale  
Refer to them as the "Honey-moon Trail."  
Those ways were teeming with romance then  
And Cupid liked our women and men  
As all responded to him quite well—  
They could not break away from his spell.





JAMES





We're not obliged to read old Cowper  
To find why Rose got Asbury Helper;  
John must have pulsed with ecstatic bliss  
When he clasped to his breast Louisa Curtis;  
How keen indeed did Samuel feel  
When he captured bright Miss Frances Deal;  
We doubt that Susan sought a Fifer,  
We're sure she got an Amos Nifer;  
William made for the tribe its great gain  
For his "Helper" was good-hearted Jane;  
And James must have felt like a great King  
When he to the tribe fair Jennie did bring  
Daniel's love somehow ran to a man,  
That is, to Barbara Eshelman;  
If sung to Jake "I'd Like to Steal Ya,"  
It must have been by his Marcella;  
For Mary it seemed a hunting play  
When Henry Hunt crost love's runaway;  
If Solomon's heart beat high in rage  
It must have been calmed by Lydia Gage;  
Listen, O Speros! don't be in a hurry,  
This case we'll submit to Amelia's Joray!  
Among these names that brightly shine  
We find Anna Maybee fell into line;  
It seems she gave up the Spero name  
When good "Willie" Hawk entered the game.

Special mention we give to each man,  
John and William and Jacob and Dan;  
For when our country suffered its woe  
They gallantly responded, you know,  
And risk'd their joys, their health and their life



At a time when war's unholy strife  
Was spreading and rifting the very air  
And threatening dissension everywhere.

We'll return again to the list of names  
In the ever increasing house of James  
For there seemed to be so many more  
We are forced to say "Speros galore."  
We think that some have worked overtime—  
Glad they did, for it helps 'long the rhyme;  
The more we have, more truly we say,  
" 'Twas a grand Spero Reunion day."

Of cousins we know not how many there are,  
But doubtless each one shines like a star.  
Some of their names are noble and great;  
Fit for the best, we are glad to state.  
There's John Alanson, and then Wesley,  
Our Charles Fremont and James Henry;  
Charles of Dan, two Alberts nobly bright,  
Morton and Nelson we see in the light;  
Fred the great, and Franks and Wills we know,  
And a couple by the name of Joe;  
A George, a Lloyd and an Alfred, too,  
Ah! don't they sound mighty good to you?  
Like the day grown fair, the night less dim  
Is our Uncle William's "Lucky Jim."  
Grant and Colfax we'll enter right here  
With happy Ned and Ernest sincere;  
And then one more that we know will win,  
One of the youngest—just good Rollin.

Some of these have traveled far and wide,  
North to south, from east to western tide;



Beyond rolling plains where western glow  
Beams on eternal battlements of snow;  
To the great northwest and on and on  
To the high grown hills of Oregon;  
And from Colorado's skylight way  
They've viewed the world in its green and gray.  
So good some have been, we must relate,  
They have seen, at least, the "golden gate."

Like blossoms in May, the sweets of spring,  
The girls we own much loveliness bring;  
They fill the charm in a queenly way  
And do it so well we scarce can say  
Enough in praises of their great worth,  
The best of our tribe on this big earth.

The name of Mary seems to agree  
So very well they gave it to three;  
But others give us so much gladness—  
Hattie, Catherine, Ada, Agnes;  
And like the sweet charms of an operetta  
Are Orpha, Ella, Maggie and Alretta;  
If some of these ever grew flamy,  
We're sure 'twas not our beloved Amy.

We recall these girls as spirits of spring,  
Waked from some innocent slumbering;  
We see them flushed with beauty and health  
And the many charms of girlish wealth;  
We see them as they learned to know  
The first sweet touch of maiden's glow;  
But in this world of growing years  
We see them now through a mist of tears;



We see them now as they're growing old  
With the silver threads among the gold.

Listen, O Speros! these names mean much,  
For they all carry the Spero touch.  
The name has been taken far and near,  
And we trust with hope, truth and good cheer;  
If we have failed to maintain the good  
Started by our early tribalhood,  
Then we have fallen far from the right  
And this earth has lost much of its light.

Listen, O Speros! have you noted with care  
How sweet is life's joy, its love everywhere;  
In bloom of the rose, in light of the sun  
That shifts gray mists where quick shadows  
run;

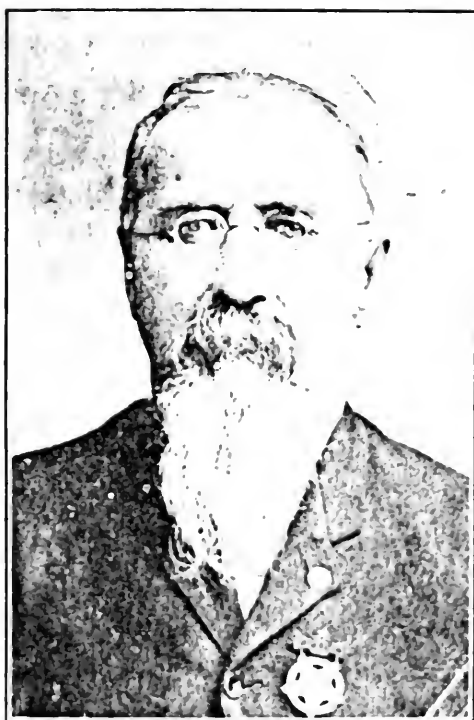
Or joys that attend the purling stream  
In lingering shades or day's fond gleam;  
Or the rolling hills in verdant dress  
Where brightly smiles God's own loveliness?  
These are Nature's lessons to all,  
Whether in gloom or in joys grown tall;  
They show us the way to stand aright,  
The only way to the dawn of light.

With all the beauties Nature can tell  
I mingle my love in fond farewell.

SCHUYLER COLFAX SPERO.







DANIEL



## PART II

## THE MONGOQUINONG LAND

Now, the House of James has grown so much,  
To many 'twould seem "It beats the Dutch;"  
But the fact the name is known so well  
Is the one great joy the records tell  
For in them worth and honor are found  
With fraternity and goodness bound.

So strongly have they governed the past  
It seems they have grown and bloomed at last  
For those now here of our tribalhood  
Are reflecting some joy, some real good,  
Something to better the world we know  
And improve this life on earth below.

To prepare the way for better things  
Is the best of goodly offerings  
And as the days grow into years  
There's much of the past to all appears;  
It comes like the sunlight piercing through  
The clouds that have gathered since the tribe was new;  
Those ways of the ever onward strife  
Should strengthen somehow our present life.

The House of James is like some great tree  
Grown into beauty and quality,  
And we trust 'tis good form to declare  
That our tribal name, no matter where,  
Will for the right continue to stand,  
For causes which are noble and grand;  
Then our tribal growth will greater be



For in it the world will beauty see  
And rewards we hope to sometime share  
Should help us here, they will help us there;  
Help us when mists and clouds hang dark,  
Help us to place much higher our mark;  
Help us in purpose in all those ways  
That bless and cheer and sweeten the days.

Yes, the House of James is like some tree  
That has spread its branches far and free.  
In all directions the name is known  
So the tribe is not living alone  
In a far away place we might know  
As the silent land of the Navajo;  
Our tribe has sought to different be  
From tribal ways in lands of Zuni.

Our work and growth, our prayers and songs,  
Have chiefly been with Mongoquinongs.  
That good little city we all know  
Gladly and well by name of Mongo,  
Nestling where Pigeon and Turkey agree  
To flow as one to the inland sea,  
Carries us back where our tribesmen stood  
'Mid the forest ways of solitude.

Now, with the Mongoquinongs we feel  
A high regard for the tribe of Deal;  
And e're our memories 'gin to fade  
We'll live in joy with the tribe of Wade;  
Though shadows lurk and darken our play  
Memories of Hall make bright the way;  
And it's like adding honor and bliss  
To link our loves with those of Prentiss.



There's pleasure in names as well as in tones,  
Unusually so in Smith and Jones;  
While 'mong these tribes no dodgers we find  
We're pleased to know of the Rogers kind;  
Good names are like good lessons we learn  
So we write with pride that of Seaburn;  
But of all the ones from "Beer-sheba to Dan"  
There's one to remember—Appleman.  
Spaulding we know, the medicine chief,  
For he it was who gave us relief  
When chills and fevers were lurking 'round  
And shook so hard they trembled the ground;  
And then our memory also falls  
On others great, the tribe of Rawles;  
Another one do we give with cheer,  
Millis, and this the whole tribe holds dear.  
Still more there are very near to us,  
Ashley and Talmage, Brown and Paulus;  
Huntsman and Sears and Wallace also,  
Who pitched their tents not far from Mongo.  
Along Brushy Prairie, fair and bright,  
Dyer and Belden loom in the light.

Among these good tribes are Hamilton,  
Wolheter and Carr and Sanderson;  
Newnam, Phillips and Ryan we see  
Along the ways of the used-to-be.  
Lewis and Butler, Nichols and Knight,  
Perkins, Bumpus, all stand for the right;  
Bassett and Porter, Custer and Booth,  
Make for us all tribalhoods of truth.  
Along this winding and scenic way  
Where green hills slope toward the morn of day,





Clearly we see and with joy we tell  
Of Caton and Fuller, Crowell and Goodsell.  
This happy way reveals not afar  
The tribes of Gilbert, Kingsley and Dunbar.  
Where Pigeon and Turkey wind as one  
We find the Hawks and the Shepardson;  
Colwell we note in the village there  
With Stead and Garlets, Haskins and Fair.  
Kind and great were they all in their deeds  
The Williams, Darrows, Fillmores and Reeds;  
Harper and Olmstead and many more  
Well may be given in tribal lore.

Some hunting grounds support the "Bull Moose"  
But we somehow think of Joseph Foos;  
And of these names that make strong appeal  
Are Benjamin Jones and Conrad Deal.  
'Tis a pleasant past that helps us to see  
The well known tribesman, Peter McKinley;  
Also to know these tribes' great renown  
Is closely linked with good Russell Brown;  
And in memory we'll harbor and shield  
Those chieftains, Lakey, Wescott, Greenfield.

We scarce can say enough of these names,  
They all fit in with the House of James;  
They have all known the same ways so long  
We'll class them as one "Mongoquinong."  
We will all enjoy this Indian name,  
'Twill vary somewhat our tribal fame;  
Some there are who don't like the roll  
Let them use the name of "Seminole,"  
As wilder terms are used all along  
In peace and war and in art and song.





JACOB



Thus we might traverse the ways and rounds  
Known to our tribes as near-sacred grounds.  
Oh! joyful ways are these that we know  
That lead to historic Ontario;  
Ways of the olden days, bright and strange,  
Oh! the golden days of old LaGrange;  
Days and ways when summer breezes blew  
Along trails where choicest pleasures grew,  
And as our memory stretches o'er  
Those goodly folks of the tribes of yore  
We're touched with feelings of joy and pain,  
Yet somehow we'd like to live again  
In the sunshine of those by-gone years  
That were hallowed by these pioneers.

With these we join in love and songs,  
For all are of the Mongoquinongs,  
And much like the Speros all are they;  
They've traveled far from the Pigeon's way,  
But the charm of the old beaten track  
Has caused their return, their homing back;  
And in their advancing years we see  
Them living near the old tribal tree.

Many have passed into dreamless sleep  
While twilight's shades over others creep;  
It seems not long since we saw them seek  
The youthful joys of "Forks of the Creek."  
There are yet a few whose hearts will thrill  
With rustic joys of the "Bullmer Mill;"  
Or the mill that stood by the creek road  
Near to the Prentiss tribal abode;  
Or that olden building known to all,



The white and spooky "Spiritual Hall."  
We have heard of ghosts and goblins there  
And truly there were some spirits fair  
Who sang and spoke with those rarest joys  
That come somehow from the girls and boys.  
'Twas a fond spot and we loved it well,  
The oaks and the mistletoe would tell  
Of the merriment that lingered where  
Peeping stars smiled on those spirits rare;  
But the old landmarks we see no more,  
They are simply dreams of days of yore,  
Yet as the gray evening shadows fall  
There's a ling'ring romance to them all;  
So we falter and dream of those ways  
That were lit with love in olden days.

And if stories be true sly Cupid was there  
When our fathers and mothers were young and fair.  
Oh! honeyed was he in olden days,  
If we're to judge from his present ways.  
In songs he excelled, choice words he knew—  
They were sweet as roses kissed by dew.  
Like breezes soft-blown o'er wood and dell  
He touches the heart somehow so well  
We do not doubt that, away back there  
'Mid the vales and wood and prairies where  
Nature's heart, smiling in happy quest  
Made god Cupid both victor and guest.

The river Pigeon played a strong part  
In those fond romances of the heart.  
As if to improve romantic ground,





Good lakes and rivers were placed around,  
Which helped the chiefs to vary their songs;  
The chiefs of the good Mongoquinongs;  
And helped them to sing their lovetales well—  
Oh, that the waters might truly tell,  
Tell of their ways when on courtship bent,  
Tell of their hopes and joys as they went,  
Tell of how they sought their best prize  
When night brought out the stars in the skies;  
When the man in the moon was surprised to know  
There was so much love about Mongo.

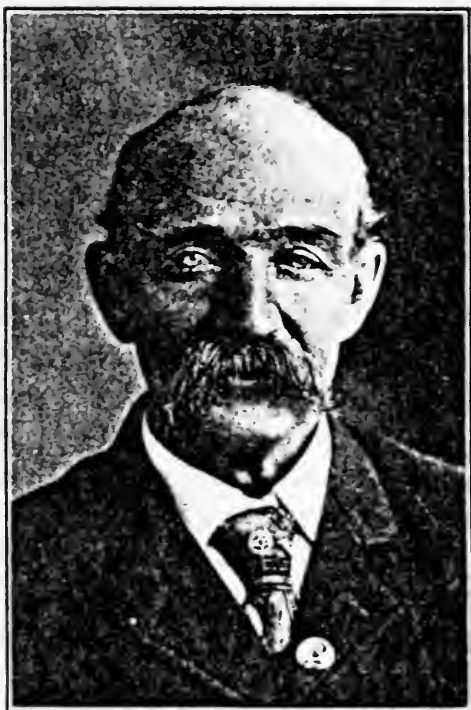
We know that the stars and moon fit in  
The places where love is bound to win;  
That the woods and flowers and rippling stream  
Enrich the ways of love's happy dream;  
But sometimes there's a different spell  
When the stars and moon come out to tell  
Of something that's wild and wierd and fierce,  
Of something ready with fear to pierce  
One's innermost being through and through,  
Like some lone owl a-hooting at you;  
Or maybe the brightness of the light  
Shows a shadow shaking in the night,  
And then truly one will swear he sees  
Ghosts a-walking on the very breeze;  
And should there be some whispering low  
In forest ways where queer shadows grow;  
When moon and stars are hid in a cloud  
And you feel the weight of night's black shroud,  
Then it seems does the heart almost fail  
If lost in the course of Pigeon trail;



But love oft guided to brighter day  
Chooses the rougher and wilder way.  
Once upon a time, Oh, long ago,  
A tribesman left the haunts of Mongo;  
Left friends and kin of his youthful days  
And the hunting grounds of Pigeon's ways;  
Still he felt that he'd always belong  
To the Springfield tribe, Mongoquinong.  
His great teacher Smith taught him to know  
That the best tribes lived about Mongo.  
This knowledge, however, could not smother out  
His desire for seeing and roaming about—  
This wild desire to know the great west  
Instinctively grew within his breast.

He started one day to seek and see  
The rolling lands of the Cherokee.  
On he went to the Comanches and Sioux—  
They were enough to give him the blues,  
But onward he pressed and on and on  
Till he reached the vales of Oregon.  
Here he found rest with the Umpqua men  
As if for years with them he had been  
In that far land which was ever new,  
North of the slopes of the Siskiyou.  
With these he lived in tribal content;  
Part of his time to courtship was lent;  
'Twas good to know both dusky and fair  
And ways of those Indian maidens there;  
'Twas a different charm the sun shone on  
'Mid those pine-fringed hills of Oregon.  
But he must know more of Indian lore





SOLOMON



And the call of the wild came once more.  
He started again, it was toward the south,  
Though not because of Oregon drouth,  
As rains out there are misty and fine  
And seem to come to spite the sunshine.

But our tribesman sought the hunting lands  
Of the Shasta and the Modoc bands,  
Up 'mid the mountains' rugged ways  
Where Nature is rough in wildest plays.  
With Shastas and Modocs he found it fine,  
Where earth is dressed with cedar and pine;  
Where the red deer bound o'er meadows free  
And the song birds chorus merrily;  
They seem to know in their wildest flights  
Of springs and streams born in snowy heights;  
They seem to know each meadow and glen  
And the sly ways of the hunting men.  
But our tribesman found no tameness there  
In that land of deer and big brown bear;  
Even the air was touched with the strange,  
So different it was from old LaGrange  
That his heart soon grew heavy to know  
If he'd again see the ways of Mongo.

It was undefiled and untamed then  
With these Shasta and Modoc men.  
Their hunting was the chief thing they knew  
And our tribesman soon mastered it too—  
Well that he did, for his homesick griefs  
Were lost to joy with those tribal chiefs.  
He soon knew the peaks of snowy ways  
At growing dawn and in sunset's haze,





But the dark wood with panther and bear  
Was not a matter of friendship there;  
Even at times when the rainbowed hills  
Were gloried by the songs of the rills  
Danger was apt to be near at hand  
And there's no dreaming in panther land;  
One learns to know and that very quick  
Whether his Marlin can do the trick,  
For the game that's best in panther land  
Is to be game when danger's at hand.

The unsuspected perils in life  
Are the ones which quickly end the strife;  
Then we should be ready no matter where  
To meet the worst dangers lurking there,  
For this world, a panther land of greed,  
Requires high ideals, force and deed,  
Strength of co-operation, and thought  
Not of a sordid avarice wrought  
But of conscience trained, a brotherhood  
Whose teaching is universal good.

Our tribesman wanted the wonderful south  
Where mirages are born of heat and drouth.  
He left the ways of eternal snow  
For the painted plains of the Navajo  
Where enchantments of the desert bold  
Are like the charms of youth to the old;  
And at last he mingled with those bands  
Of the silent Arizona lands—  
Those lands that so strangely fade away  
Like dying sun into twilight gray;  
Lands of the weird, fantastic and high—  
Lands that merge into blues of the sky.



A wonderful land of splendid sky  
Where the throne of night is lifted high—  
A constant changing from gold-lit noons  
To the purple way of silver moons—  
A color-world where the shades may share  
The rich profusion of light and air.  
Strange phenomena and strange delight  
Come from tinted ways of day and night;  
Come from the red-fire glare of heat,  
Come when the sun and twilight meet;  
Come to a charmed land of silent show,  
The golden land of the Navajo.

But these wild free ways had not the touch,  
Of that good home tribe he loved so much,  
And when the novelty wore away  
He got to dreaming—sad dreams were they,  
For they took him back to that sweet bliss,  
When he was cheered by his mother's kiss;  
They took him back to those youthful days  
And the happy hours of tribal plays;  
They took him back to the ways and rule  
That governed the old Red Eagle school;  
They took him back to those days of old  
When smiling fields ran with waves of gold;  
They took him to the hills along  
Those loved spots of the Mongoquinong.



## HIS DREAM OF THE OLD HOME

In Fancy's dream there often grows  
Some scene where purling Pigeon flows.  
I see the vast, the everywhere  
Take on the bright and springlike air  
That buds and blooms along those ways—  
The afterwhiles of future days.  
The birds, the flowers, the wood, the stream  
All come before me like a dream  
Romantic more than old Ravenna—  
My Springfield home of Indiana  
Which, true to its name, had the best  
To offer those who sought its rest.  
The oaks with giant limbs thrown out  
And vines and flowers 'twined about,  
A ridge that in the background knew  
The sweetest joys that ever grew,  
And the pathways which led along  
The scenes that seemed grown into song,  
Light the past where I loved to roam  
'Mid the shades of the olden home.  
There Goodness rode upon the breeze,  
Smiled upon the flowers and trees;  
The clouds wore not the darkened hue  
But gladly let the sunshine through  
That spoke of beauty all along  
Like one triumphant march of song.

'Twas thus our tribesman dreamed one day  
Of times when Life enjoyed its play.  
When all the joys to him were known  
As glowing hopes by breezes blown





MARY





O'ermead and hill, by sylvan shore  
And the Springfield home, pride of yore.

Fancy, a thing of beauty seems  
When on the past it fondly beams,  
And that olden home one should know  
Was a joy spot in the long ago.  
No wonder that our tribesman made  
His life a glory 'neath its shade;  
Yet work and thought and song and play  
Were fond companions of that day.

This tale cannot all joy relate  
But some sad things must emanate;  
And true to life 'twill better show  
Vicissitudes which come and go  
Like flowers that bloom, fade and die  
And clouds that fleck the distant sky—  
The smiles, though griefs bedim the goal  
And speak the language of the soul.

That we may now more beauty share  
Let's to the sunrise end repair  
Where wooded slopes a picture made  
About the rim of Otter Lake.  
'Tis here the Pigeon we will find  
Starts on its course to ever wind,  
And sing to vales and hills along  
On to Mongoquinong.

Toward north and west the river's way  
Through wood and moor salutes the day;  
At night when stars the vigil keep  
And life is wrapt in dreamy sleep

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There comes a wild weird serenade  
From out the depths of deepest shade.  
The nightingale is touched with song  
And joins the chorus clear and strong  
While from some distant wooded hill  
Is heard the plaintive whippoorwill.  
'Tis here and there the starbeams peep  
Through woody dells, on waters deep,  
And cataracts in wild delight  
Accentuate the festive night.  
Again they seek the deeper rest  
'Mid woods that shade the distant west;  
The waters really seem to know  
The many ways that come and go  
And from their most exultant mood  
They seek the silence of the wood;  
And all along in light and shade  
'Tis like a chastened serenade  
That sweetly lilts on wings of night  
While Dian spreads her silvery light—  
Thus the river's wandering way  
Is companioned by night and day.

Oh! my flowing, my rippling stream,  
I catch your singing in my dream;  
I hear the trees that sang to you  
Before my dreams were even new;  
I see fond lovers stroll along—  
They listen to your wildest song;  
I see the flowers on banks of green  
That richly beautify the scene;  
I see the oaks and willows there,



Still you escape the nets of care;  
I doubt that in your moonlit strain  
You feel the touch of sorrow's pain,  
Yet in my dreams I find belief  
You give an echo of some grief,  
For I know not if I shall stray  
Where once I caught your tuneful lay;  
But if at last my feet shall go  
Along those paths I used to know,  
It may be that this grief I see  
Is only in my dreams of thee!  
Once more, O may mine eyes delight  
To rest upon thy waters bright—  
Once more, O may I know the truth  
That formed my world in happy youth!

Stay, O stay in our memory more,  
Hills of green and yon bright sylvan shore;  
Fade not too soon, O trees that grew  
When all these lands were fresh and new!  
The flowers we know will bloom again  
And may be remind us of these men,  
Oh, happy vale, Oh, vernal place  
Where once we saw them face to face!  
Sing on, O breezes, fair and bright,  
In golden day and in moonlit night;  
You seem the touch of heavenly things  
In your melodious offerings  
That somehow echo all along  
These sacred ways of Mongoquinong;  
Sing to our youth for they knew not then  
Ways of those stalwart women and men!



The billowy fields of green and gold,  
May remind them of those days of old;  
The lakes that form the babbling streams  
May picture to them in their dreams;  
Oh! let there be some way that more  
They'll think about those days of yore  
When search of wealth was not the goal  
For the growth and beauty of the soul.

Listen, O Speros, can this dream mean you,  
Have you yearned in dreams for the old home, too  
Or been with strangers so very long  
You were waked by strains of the old-home song?  
Have you felt the touch of friendly hand  
When in a far away, lonely land  
And heard a voice that in some way told  
Your memory of the days of old?  
Has it ever made the teardrops start  
When some good fellow with cheerful heart  
Would gladly step up to you and say,  
"Well, my brother, how are you today?"  
If so, then this dream we feel will be  
For you little less a mystery.

And now, O Speros, let's join in song  
Of Home, Sweet Home and Mongoquinong;  
Let's give three cheers for the Springfield ways  
And these good happy reunion days;  
May we all live to enjoy them more  
And revive again the days of yore!

History sits at the feet of Time  
Ready to chronicle things sublime;  
Thought mingled with labor must share







AMELIA



The best in this life sometime, somewhere;  
Patience and goodness of heart must be  
The factors in life's simplicity.  
Then falter not in doing your best  
When heart and soul are put to the test;  
The way's not long though clouds darkly roll,  
Then let us all place higher our goal.  
Oh, may the hope, good will and good cheer  
That should come to all assembled here  
Help us to hallow and bless this life  
With the deeds of love that brighten the strife!

SCHUYLER COLFAX SPERO



# Short Poems

By



Schuyler Colfax Sperr



## BOYHOOD FRIENDS AND YOU

Back from the West I come, old home,  
Back from its vales and heights and foam;  
O'er mountains, plains and rivers, too,  
Back to my boyhood friends and you!

Back from the West I come once more,  
Back to my home in days of yore  
To smile again where I first knew  
Ways of my boyhood friends, and you.

Back from the West I come today,  
Back from where the Sun hides away;  
Back where my morn's bright growing view  
Caressed my boyhood friends, and you.

Back from the West I come to greet  
Land of the Used-to-be, so sweet;  
Back where my magic childhood knew  
Undying love for friends, and you!





## COMING HOME

I come, I come, my hope is won,  
From dying day to rising sun;  
I knew that darkness would soon be,  
I come, more light to see.

I come, I come, my dream is true  
For long I've yearned to be with you  
O friends and home in days of yore,  
I come, swing wide the door!

I come, I come, you've waited long,  
Now let us all renew the song  
For heaven reigns when love is near,  
I come for light and cheer.

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## WHERE THE PIGEON IS FLOWING

This song of mine  
Is a song of the line,  
To be sung when we come together  
In a social way  
When our hearts are gay  
Like the charms of summer weather.

You may call it a song  
Of Mongoquinong,  
Of hills of LaGrange and her valleys;  
But sing it with cheer  
As glad days are here





PIGEON RIVER



To brighten our reunion rallies.  
This song of mine  
Like the song of the wine,  
Is happy and free in its tripping;  
But as for the juice,  
We'll say that its use  
Will not play a part in our singing.

Let the song please  
Like the health-giving breeze,  
When through wood it goes with its tuning;  
And from the bowers  
Of roses and flowers,  
To us waft the sweets of perfuming.

May the song share  
With blest summer fair,  
As it swings in glory its going;  
And make our wealth  
Of love and of health,  
In this vale where the Pigeon is flowing.



## IN REVERIE

There's a land I used to know,  
Sunshine hills and vales aglow;  
Oh, I knew it when a boy,  
When my life was springtime's joy;  
It was growing then to me  
Like a world of mystery,  
For it seemed each living thing  
Gave to life some good offering;  
And when Time brought May and June,  
Golden sun and silver moon,  
Full-grown summers and the fall,  
How marvelous was it all;  
Then the cold December days  
That led on in winter's ways;  
Round and round these changes went  
In that land of sweet content;  
In that land I used to know,  
Sunshine hills and vales aglow—  
Sunshine hills and vales, thy gleams  
Light me through the land of dreams!  
For as time swings on its ways  
Bringing other Junes and Mays,  
Growing age seems lost somewhere  
'Mid the dreams of summer fair,  
In the hope of something nigh  
Fairer stars that dwell on high.  
Oh, dear land I used to know,  
Gleam on in my twilight's glow;  
In fancy I hear thee sing,





In gratitude I'm answering;  
In memory thy rich array  
Helps me on and on the way;  
From thy wholesome joys and love  
Hope exalts to realms above!

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### A DREAM OF MOTHER

'Twas a good day in October  
And I talked with my mother too;  
She told me her hopes and glories  
When her life was fresh and new.

She told me the sweet glad story  
Of things she would do someday  
When my life seemed just beginning  
On that good October day.

She told me of love's fond blessing  
And showed me their helpfulness;  
She had shared them, too, with others—  
Sweet saint! her thought was to bless.

She told me her past and present,  
The ways when blossoming years  
Glow with the sunshine of beauty  
In spite of the mist of years.

She brought me the fairest tidings—  
Oh, heavenly sweet do they seem.  
This day in golden October  
I've lived with her in my dream!



WISHING AND HOPING  
(To a Friend)

I wish to walk once more the ways  
I trod in boyhood's happy days;  
Oh, it would be a cheerful smile  
To greet you all and live awhile  
Amid those places where my joy  
Was best when I was just a boy.

I know my bark of life is frail  
But trust 'twill stand the lashing gale;  
And though the clouds that veil the blue  
Will scarcely let the sunshine through,  
I hope to greet you everyone  
Before my final trip is done.

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## TO BE WITH YOU

I'd like to be with you back there  
And of your joys have just one share;  
I would not try e'en though I could  
To place a claim on all the good.

I'd be content to clasp your hand  
And talk to you in that good land  
Once more, about the long ago  
When time seemed new to us you know.

I'd be right glad to see your smile—  
I don't believe it's changed in style,



And if it has I know your face  
Still gleams with joy in that fond place.

Ah, yes, I'd like again to see  
Where we enjoyed the used-to-be;  
That tender joy—you've felt it, too,  
In memory come peeping through.

I'd like again my fancy fed  
Just as the Sun has left his bed  
And see the morning beams appear  
That diadem the world with cheer.

I'd like to stroll the woodland's way  
Back where these happy waters play;  
Or wander o'er those hills to gaze  
Upon the sunset's golden haze.

I see the verdant dress of spring  
And summer's high noon offering;  
Their waving fields of green and gold  
In memory I still behold.

I see the friends in days of yore  
Whose ways on earth we see no more  
And in this life of change we know  
Our joys are touched with pain and woe.

But with it all this life is good  
Despite of painful solitude;  
So let us calmly face the night,  
Through love and truth we'll reach the light.



Oh, I would like to see you all,  
The little ones and ones grown tall;  
It matters not how many are  
In that old home away so far.

It truly doesn't seem to me  
I could find you less fair to see;  
For oh, how charming is the old  
When lighter shades spread o'er the gold.

And so I'll try to greet you there  
And of your joys have just one share;  
'Twill help to make our going day  
Smile on and on to twilight's way.

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### A REFLECTION

Tell me brothers, does the scene  
In and round old Springfield gleam  
With that bright and sylvan touch  
Which we used to love so much?

Do the breezes of the night  
Cadence on the soft moonlight?  
Do the stars so brightly beam  
As in days of youthful dream?

Does the bright and rosy morn  
Subjugate your hopes forlorn?  
Does it throne your heart with joy  
As when you were just a boy?





In your calm, reflective mood  
Do you seek some solitude  
Chambered in a forest dell  
Where messengers of Pan dwell?

Do the upland and the wood  
Hark you back where once there stood  
Pioneers of former years,  
Fathers of our hopes and fears?

Oh! glorious days of old,  
Their loveliness is untold;—  
While our bark speeds to that Shore  
Their songs lilt to us evermore.

Pleasant, sweet, forever yet  
Their mem'ry is rimmed and set  
With the gems of loves and sighs  
Lost in the hush of sad "good-byes."

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## AN APPREHENSION BUT WILLING TO TAKE THE RISK

I'm invited to come and feed,  
And truly I'm inclined to heed,  
For those feeds I used to share  
Most any time, no matter where—  
Ah, all along the sunny range  
From good Steuben to fair LaGrange—  
I yet remember with much joy;



And should I eat, eat like a boy,  
I look upon it with some doubt  
As good feeding might mean the gout  
For one who is right glad to tell  
Of how the old folks lived so well;  
But, somehow, I'm inclined to think  
These feeds might put me on the blink,  
And that my slats might spring and quake  
If I once more those good things take.  
No matter who may be to blame  
For feeding me on fish and game,  
And all the luscious things which grow  
Where I am just about to go,  
I'll risk the trip, I'll risk the feed,  
And this is why I'm taking heed  
To invitation sent to me,  
That bids me to the used-to-be.  
But let all things come as they may,  
Good feeds, too, 'long the old time way—  
There used to be, oh, so much room  
For everything excepting gloom!  
With all my heart I'm thinking still  
Good cooking yet is on the bill;  
I'm sure it hasn't all been lost  
In rush of time at any cost;  
I do not think these ways still fair  
Are heavy burdened with despair;  
I think maybe those times of old  
Somehow by younger ones are told.  
I know there's sunshine after rain





THE OLD HOME



The same as joy that follows pain;  
It can't be different back where  
I gave of blessed youth its share;  
Surely the nows and yesterdays  
Should be as sweet as olden ways,  
For there are boys and girls that bless  
The same as in our youthfulness.  
Some day they'll gaze upon this time  
And say it was almost sublime;  
'Twill be fond memories to them all  
When they are boys and girls grown tall;  
Such ways are not so very strange—  
They've all been lived in old LaGrange;  
But the thing I'm concerned about  
Is the good feed without the gout.  
I'm sure, despite the chilling blast,  
Love will hold to the very last;  
So let me share those feeds once more  
The same as in the days of yore.

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### THE SPIRITUAL HALL

The spooky hall that stood near the hill—  
Say, I hear those oak trees rustle still—  
I see again the bright moonlight  
That smiled on exhibition night;  
Oh, it was fairy then, you know,  
Despite the chill of winter's snow,  
And deep with all I hear some voice—





It rather makes my heart rejoice,  
For while I cannot grasp his hand  
I see him mid that cheerful band,  
And full upon the air there floats  
His double B and low C notes.

Oh, give me then the stories gay,  
Rich with some ghost and spooky play;  
It matters not how many there are,  
Though there's a ghost for every star;  
Should there be raven or a hawk  
'T would add a beauty to the talk  
Though it were whispered o'er and o'er  
To those sad strains of "Nevermore."

That spooky hall we'll ever see  
Through veils of weird-like mystery;  
There seems to be a touch of fear  
That lingered round that place of cheer,  
For joy it was in spite of ghosts,  
And should we offer here our toasts  
We would include each fair abode  
About that hall on the old Creek road.

We know to some they will seem small,  
Those ways about that Spiritual Hall;  
They cannot hear that joyous lay  
That lilts along fond mem'ry's way;  
The old oaks may not sing as sweet  
As in the times we used to meet;  
Their shadows they no longer throw  
On that fair place we used to know;



The hall is gone, the spirits, too,  
But of those ways when time seemed new  
We speak in love, when life was gay  
With living flowers of yesterday.

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## JOHN ALANSON

When of subjects to write I have but a few,  
Then I'll write, John Alanson, of you;  
I'll handle the subject as well as I can—  
This John Alanson, the grand old man.

I know there are many too slow for the pace  
But this John Alanson is still in the race;  
From Niagara to Pacific's blue shore  
His mighty basso has been heard o'er and o'er.

For fifty odd years he has sung to this earth  
And from his singing we have caught the glad mirth  
That drives away sorrow, that drives away care,  
That makes the smiles grow in the ways of despair.

Like the sunshine of morn he started his way  
And his light spreads on as he sings forth his lay;  
We recall his youth and his noon when he stood  
Full deep 'mid the roses of early manhood.

Like a bird on the wing he has gone about  
Putting pain and sorrow and despair to rout;  
Giving color to life and trimming it bright  
Like the hills fringed with green when kissed by the  
light.



If faltered he has in the great work of life  
We somehow regard him a help in the strife;  
For no matter how near or far we may go  
We'll find John Alanson a part of the show.

For fifty odd years he has well stood the test  
And now mantled in gray he smiles toward his west;  
Smiles adown life's slope toward its twilight  
and sea—

John Alanson, I'm writing, writing of thee!  
Oh, yes, John Alanson, I'm writing, you see—  
There's beauty and love in the work, we'll agree;  
Though a splendid old world, still the work you've  
done

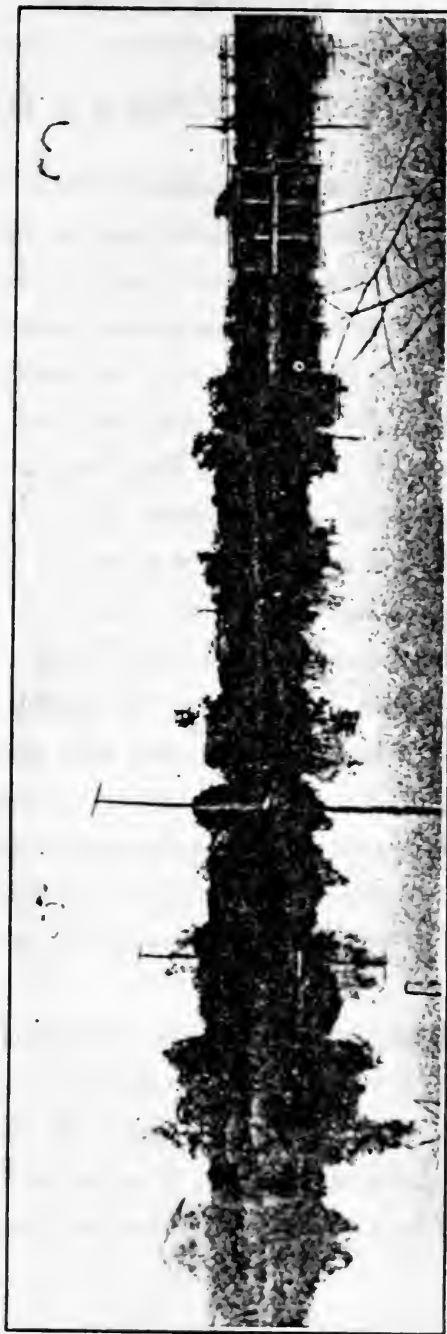
Has helped it to become a much better one.

So when the time comes when farewell we must say,  
Through the mist of tears we will smile on that day  
Like the gladsome sunshine the clouds peeping  
through—

Oh, John Alanson, I'm writing of you!



MONGO







## TO A HAPPY SCHEMER

Ah! go on with your scheming, your dreaming and your fad.  
I hope you'll hit on something that will not seem so bad;  
I know that you 've always seemed a great puzzle to us all—  
'Tis same in spring, in summer, in winter and in fall;  
But we really trust and hope when from Texas you get back,  
At fifty-eight you'll be new on the Springfield track;  
That to everyone you'll sell a section of that land  
That's kissed by gulfy breezes down 'long the Rio Grand';  
Or maybe you'd do better to bring back here with you  
A slice of gay old Pike's Peak and place it here on view,  
Right here by happy Pigeon that sings a constant song  
As it flows from Lake of Otter through Mongocquinong.  
Oh, we know that with your scheming you'll go on and on  
So why not bring to us that land where rolls the Oregon?  
'Twill seem almost like glory to even wait and wait  
For you to bring to us California's golden gate.  
Our prairies here will greet you, the Forks of Creek will  
smile,  
If you'll only scheme of something that's really worth while;  
Ah, we've been waiting in this valley and in this little town  
For you to turn this earth entirely up-side-down;  
And we all will be better if you make a touch or two,  
So, I say, my good old schemer! Here's success to you!



## OLD PAP OF HINKYDINK

Your Pap is a great old chap;  
He's on deck with any scheme;  
He has everything on tap,  
From a shotgun to a dream.

We like your Pap for all that;  
He's a hopeful sort of man;  
He is always keyed to chat  
And debate whenever he can.

Thought he frames with reckless care  
And the world grows pale to think  
Of his logic and hot air,  
Fed on beans at Hinkydink.

Where great questions are discussed;  
But when your Pap hits the pace  
Standard Oil is doomed to bust.  
Death he is to such a thing;  
His incisions are so deep  
That big trusts go glimmering  
At his groat forensic sweep.

His double B and low C  
Both awake old Hinkydink  
With power like some mystery,  
And have forced her to the brink.

There she stands in trembling fear  
As his tones reverberate  
And spread about as much cheer  
As a blizzard up to date.



In Swamp Root the deep low bass  
Your Pap takes with seeming ease,  
Peruna's where he shows class  
While in Hood's he's just the cheese.

But your Pap and Hinkydink  
Have grown antique together;  
Those Swamp Root tones simply kink  
And freckle up the weather.

But he's changed, we must confess;  
He talks now to the farmer  
And if we don't miss our guess  
He'll talk where it is warmer.

Ah, glory be, his late thing  
Will conserve the old town's health;  
His talks on corn will soon bring  
To old Hinkydink great wealth.

Hail to your Pap's cornfed talks—  
True they will echo along  
'Mid Hinkydink's snowbanked walks,  
A new corn-chorus of song.

And here's to your Pap's fond dreams,  
His airships that dot the blue,  
May the hope that lifts his schemes  
Hold out till they all come true.

#### Conclusion:

Now, what's been said may it cause  
No rankling in the thorax;  
And those talks on cornfed laws  
Please send along to Colfax.



## TO A LADY OPTICIAN

Here's to the lady optician,  
I'm sure that her smiles make a hit;  
I trust that the glasses she sold you  
Have proven a delightful fit.

How well you speak of this lady,  
She surely must be a sunbeam;  
A Creature, airy and fairy,  
With charms like the beauties of dream.

Ah, happy I'd be to meet her,  
This optical lady so fine;  
Lovely she is and entrancing—  
O Heavens! I know she's divine!

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## TO UNCLE JAKE

I am sad, very sad to know  
That you're down with old Lum Bago;  
Now, I don't know who he is,  
But am told it is hiz biz  
To make pains more severely grow.  
But no matter how he makes you shake,  
Just keep on a-smiling, Uncle Jake,  
For smiles have won a world, don't you  
know,  
In spite of oll these pains here below—  
So down with Lum Bago, Uncle Jake!





Though pains force out the sweets of cheer  
Like sunshine is when clouds appear,  
Still life is charming in its way  
For hope somehow sees the glad day  
That looms on ahead bright and clear.

No matter how Lum Bago makes you quake,  
Keep your face wreathed in smiles, Uncle  
Jake,

With those happy smiles that seem as fine  
As the roses blushing on the vine—

Ah, that's the way to be, Uncle Jake!

Out with Lum Bago, Uncle Jake,  
He's a downright fraud and a fake,  
I'm sure you have lived long enough  
To find his touch is very rough—

Now isn't this true, Uncle Jake?

That I sympathize with you isn't strange  
Even though you live in old LaGrange,  
But what are those doctors there about  
That they do not put Lum Bago out—  
Oh, this is the thing that seems so strange!

---

### A FISHING SONG

It's fish for breakfast, fish for dinner, fish for supper, too  
How fishy I am feeling while singing this to you;  
The sun is just a-smiling on these fishy lakes and streams  
And I am smiling, too, 'cause I'm fishing in my dreams.



It's just the same at morning, it's just the same at noon,  
And I sometimes think they're fishing in the silver moon;  
For at night I see the splendor reaching down from high,  
It seems somehow that fishes are swimming in the sky.

Oh! it's fish at every corner, fish at every turn,  
Methinks that in the winter they have fishes here to burn.  
But ere this gladsome autumn has grown so very old  
These lakelets may be teeming with shining schools of  
gold.

And as we're drifting onward toward the purple bay  
I'll more enjoy the going by fishing 'long the way;  
And when my leave I've taken of streamlet, lake and  
wood,

Oh! let me be transported where fishing is still good.

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### ON THE MOHAVE DESERT

I would not like to wear out my days  
Out here upon these ashen ways;  
I would prefer the lively green  
That graces Indiana's scene.

I recollect her lakes and rills.  
How different these wind-swept hills,  
These lonely paths that seem to run  
On to the pathway of the sun!

How different that vale I knew  
When in my youth the roses grew;  
But now when I am growing gray  
A desert looms along my way.



A desert, ah, a lonesome world!  
For nature's flags are not unfurled  
To breezes that go dancing 'long  
With balm of joy and sweet of song.

But with it all I yet can see  
The green hills that were dear to me;  
Unto this waste I close my eyes  
When scenes of fairer worlds arise.

With all the gloom, with all its pain,  
I picture joy upon this plain;  
In fancy now that purling stream  
Is smiling for me in my dream.

Oh laughing Pigeon, fair and bright,  
I hear you in this desert night;  
Your music sweet through sylvan wood  
Sings to me in this solitude!

The fields of golden-painted hue  
Are waving now before me, too;  
I see the ways of untold worth  
That glorify this massive earth.

'Tis true my life is desert now,  
The thorns must come to us somehow;  
But through the dark there shines afar  
A light of hope from silver star.

Yes, light of hope where sinks to rest  
The golden sun far in the west;  
Far, far beyond the final shore  
Where Love is Lord forever more.



## IN KENDALLVILLE TOWN

Oh, dear friends, ere my sun goes down,  
Let me tell again of Kendallville town;  
It always is best to speak of the truth,  
So I'll say it was the world of my youth.

Years have gone since the dear ones I knew,  
When goodness and joy seemed ever in view;  
Yet those faces to me beam brightly still  
In the good old town of Kendallville.

In memory I seek those happy ways o'er  
And I bask in the smiles on Bixler's shore;  
'Neath the shades of Mott and Diamond I see  
The many loved ones in the used-to-be.

'Long Mitchell and Main and Silver I go  
And State and Orchard and William also;  
I catch the hum of the busy Star mill—  
Oh, I'm living again in Kendallville.

Ah, living once more 'mid its walks and shade,  
Yes, living where pastime's glory was made;  
And Spirit of Joy is once more awake  
As in this good town new pleasures I take.

The great task of life is happiness still,  
It's been living o'er and o'er in Kendallville;  
And I'm glad to know, in spite of the pace,  
My boyhood town is abreast in the race.

Hope still rides on the bright Albion way,  
The city of Rome in sylvan array;  
Avilla, Lisbon and Corunna, too,  
And the historic fields of Waterloo.





These hills and dales are still to me sweet  
For love somehow lingers where old friends  
meet—

Ah, Roses of Life! My heart is athrill,  
It is morning again in Kendallville!

'Tis morn, smiling morn, I've sought not in  
vain

This fountain of joy that bursts forth again;  
The lights spread on and I see all around  
The spots that once seemed as near sacred  
ground.

Let me trail ,trail again these aisles of green  
While the Night Queen smiles through her  
silvery sheen;

Let me linger awhile at home and rest  
For home-keeping hearts are steadfast and  
best.

And so, dear friends, ere my sun goes down,  
I must sing one song of my boyhood town;  
Sing, sing my lay with its joy and its truth,  
For Kendallville town, the world of my youth.



## I'VE COME TO YOU

I've come, I've come, my friends, to you,  
But yet I cannot rightly tell  
Of those fond ways we all once knew  
In this old town we love so well.

I've come, I've come, my friends to see,  
The friends who smiled along this shore;  
My eyes grow dim—it seems to me  
They've gone, they'll grace these ways no more.

I've come, I've come, my friends to greet,  
Where life was like some happy guest;  
I gaze about, but fail to meet  
Those fairest flowers, they've gone to rest.

I've come, I've come, dear friends, to give  
Of joy and truth and hope and love;  
Though vacant ways, still let us live  
To share the light of worlds above.

I've come, I've come, dear friends, to know  
These living roses, good and true;  
And if our lives more sweetly grow,  
I'm glad, dear friends, I've come to you.



## AT THE CLOSE

These vernal ways I'll pass no more  
But from that far-off, beaming shore  
May I look back across the sea  
Where hope and love began for me.

No more I'll hear these voices sweet,  
No more in happy songs we'll greet,  
Where once the golden sunshine grew  
And seemed a glimpse of heaven, too.

I shall not pass again this way,  
But gladly face the coming day;  
Ah! gladly face that spreading light  
Beyond the stars, beyond the night.

No more I'll see this sacred place  
Where once we met in love's embrace;  
Be faithful to the last, O friend,  
For hope attained will be the end.



## JAMES SPEAROW, SENIOR

James Spearow, Senior, was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, September 18, 1808, and was married to Susannah Stauffer in Lebanon county, Pennsylvania, in the town of Amville, October 14, 1828. They moved to Stark county, Ohio, in September, 1831, thence to Noble county, Indiana, in April, 1845; thence to the village of Springfield in LaGrange county, Indiana, in the month of November, 1845. At this place Susannah Spearow, his wife, departed this life February 22, 1849. He was married to Martha Jane Millis, September 13, 1849. Her maiden name was Burk. She was born in Madison county, Kentucky, November 28, 1811. From this place she emigrated to Champaign county, Ohio, on horseback, in the month of November, 1816, thence to La-





Grange county, Indiana, in November, 1836. In this county she was married to John W. Millis on the 17th day of September in the year 1840. John W. Millis died March 13, 1849, at Springfield, LaGrange county, Indiana. To them were given four children. After the death of Mr. Millis she was married to James Spearow, Senior, September 13, 1849, and their union was blessed with three children. She united with the United Brethren church in 1870, and remained a faithful, devoted and consistent member to the day of her death.

Soon after her marriage to James Spearow they moved one mile north of Springfield village, where they lived the remainder of their lives, surrounded by all that industry and frugality can afford.

Mrs. Martha Spearow died July 3, 1888, and James Spearow, Senior, departed this life May 1, 1893.



The following is a list of the family of James Spearow, Senior:

- 1 James Spearow, senior, born September 18, 1808, married October 14, 1828, September 13, 1849, died May 1, 1893.
- 2 Susannah (Stauffer) Spearow, born in 1801, married October 14, 1828, died Feb. 22, 1849.
- 3 Martha (Burk) Spearow, born November 28, 1811, married Sept. 13, 1849, died July 3, 1888.
- 4 Rosannah (Spearow) Helper, born July 25, 1829, married August 6, 1857, died January 6, 1913.
- 5 John Spearow, senior, born January 12, 1831, married October 24, 1853, June 13, 1880, died April 5, 1901.
- 6 Samuel Spearow, born October 14, 1832, married December 24, 1857, died March 3, 1905.
- 7 Susannah (Spearow) Neifer, born July 4, 1834, married 1857-1858, died August 30, 1872.
- 8 William Spearow, born January 24, 1836, married June 24, 1858, September 16, 1905, April 26, 1910.
- 9 James Spearow, junior, born November 1, 1837, married Oct. 15, 1863, died September 26, 1899.
- 10 Daniel Spearow, born November 13, 1839, married September 17, 1863, died September 5, 1907.
- 11 Jacob Spearow, born October 15, 1841, married August 25, 1867.
- 12 Solomon Spearow, born August 15, 1843, married October 25, 1868.
- 13 Mary (Spearow) Hunt, born December 25, 1845, married November 28, 1869.



- 14 Sarah Ann Spearow, born May 15, 1851, died March 17, 1853.
- 15 Amelia (Spearow) Joray, born April 9, 1853, married April 18, 1874.
- 16 Gibson Spearow, born September 17, 1855, died July 5, 1856.

The following are the names of the companions and children of the elder Spearow family, with reference given by marginal number:

- 4 17 Francis Asbury Helper, born May 20, 1836, married August 6, 1857, died December 16, 1902.
- 18 Albert D. Helper, born January 6, 1862, married May 25, 1882.
- 5 19 Louisa (Curtis) Spearow, born October 22, 1834, married October 24, 1853, died March 1, 1879.
- 20 Anna (Maybee) Spearow, born March 4, 1846, married June 3, 1880, May 28, 1911.
- 21 John Spearow, junior, born September 28, 1854, married January 1, 1878.
- 22 Jimmie Spearow, born March 31, 1859, married December 22, 1878.
- 23 Schuyler Spearow, born September 28, 1870, married September 16, 1896.
- 6 24 Frances (Deal) Spearow, born July 28, 1838, married December 24, 1857.
- 25 Dayton Spearow, born February 27, 1859, died October 17, 1862.
- 26 Addie Spearow, born June 30, 1860, died October 21, 1862.
- 27 Charles F. Spearow, born May 31, 1861, married December 21, 1883.
- 28 Fred Spearow, born October 4, 1864, married March 24, 1897.



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- 29 Joseph Spearow, born March 31, 1868, married December 25, 1896.
- 30 Agnes (Spearow) Kain, born December 26, 1871, married February 12, 1891.
- 31 Ned Spearow, born April 3, 1874, married March 2, 1898.
- 32 Maggie (Spearow) Wade, born February 17, 1877, married August 5, 1896.
- 7 33 John M. Helper, born October 8, 1830, married 1857.
- 34 Amos Neifer, born November 3, 1831, married October 7, 1858, died November 10, 1888.
- 35 Kittie Helper, born 1858, died 1860.
- 36 Frank Neifer, M. D., born October 24, 1859, married July 3, 1881, March 19, 1884, December 10, 1889.
- 37 George Neifer, born October 25, 1861, married October 6, 1881.
- 38 Annie Neifer, born 1869, died 1870.
- 39 Will Neifer, born May 9, 1870, married March 1, 1898.
- 8 40 Sarah Jane (Helper) Spearow, born January 6, 1905.
- 41 Salome (Krum) Spearow, born June 4, 1852, married September 16, 1905, died Oct. 31, 1909.
- 42 Ida Hall Spearow, born July 20, 1850, married April 26, 1910. .  
1833, married June 24, 1858, died January 26,
- 43 William Spearow, junior, born —, died February 21, 1859.
- 44 Wesley C. Spearow, born June 11, 1860, married 1878, died July 29, 1908.





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- 45 Mary (Spearow) Teal, born March 12, 1862,
  - 46 Aloretta (Spearow McKenzie, born September  
married September 18, 1887.  
29, 1864, married December 23, 1887.
  - 47 Frank Spearow, born July 29, 1866, died October  
18, 1881.
  - 48 Catherine (Spearow) Deter, born June 24, 1868,  
married November 10, 1889, died May 4, 1908.
  - 49 James P. Spearow, born April 11, 1872, mar-  
ried June 13, 1903.
  - 50 Amy (Spearow) Sawyer, born November 25,  
1873, married November 25, 1896.
  - 51 Alfred Spearow, born August 7, 1877, married  
January 19, 1909.
  - 52 Albert Spearow, born August 7, ~~1877~~<sup>1876</sup>, married  
January 6, 1895.
  - 53 Willie C. Spearow, born March 11, 1879.
  - 9 54 Jennie (Hodge) Spearow, born November 3,  
1840, married October 15, 1863.
  - 55 Morton Spearow, born July 7, 1864, married  
February 11, 1886.
  - 56 Nelson Spearow, born April 8, 1865, married  
May 13, 1906.
  - 57 Grant Spearow, born March 27, 1868.
  - 58 Will Spearow, born May 2, 1871, married Aug-  
ust 16, 1896.
  - 59 Mary (Spearow) DeLong, born October 3, 1874,  
married January 1, 1891.
  - 60 Orphie (Spearow) Hughes, born November 17,  
1875, married July 27, 1899.
  - 10 61 Barbara (Eshleman) Spearow, born September  
20, 1840, married September 17, 1863, died Aug-  
ust 23, 1904.



- 62 Charles E. <sup>Wier</sup>Spearow, born April 30, 1864, married September 7, 1902, January 3, 1907. Died <sup>APRIL 24</sup> 1922
- 63 Mary (Spearow) Needham, born April 27, 1868, married August 15, 1888.
- 64 William E. <sup>S</sup>Spearow, born September 27, 1871, married September 25, 1891.
- 65 Joseph Spearow, born May 9, 1876, married June 28, 1899.
- 66 <sup>Ed</sup>Earnest Spearow, born September 29, 1878, married November 21, 1900.
- 11 67 Marcelia (Smith) Spearow, born December 22, 1839, married August 25, 1867.
- 68 Sarah Spearow, born March 20, 1868, died September 17, 1869.
- 69 Hattie (Spearow) Cole, born February 23, 1872, married August 25, 1897.
- 12 70 Lydia (Gilbert) Spearow, born September 27, 1835, married October 25, 1868, died Feb. 7, 1913.
- 71 Addie Spearow, born August 26, 1869, died June 4, 1871.
- 72 Hattie H. Spearow, born February 17, 1871, died October 13, 1876.
- 73 Flora Spearow, born February 26, 1874, died November 1, 1876.
- 74 Rollin E. Spearow, born July 27, 1875, married December 20, 1896.
- 13 75 Henry Hunt, born September 16, 1846, married November 28, 1869.
- 76 Ada (Hunt) Wright, born November 13, 1870, married October 30, 1895.
- 77 Ella (Hunt) Wicuff, born September 4, 1872, married November 3, 1901.



- 78 Lloyd Hunt, born June 7, 1876, married April 9, 1897.
- 15 79 James Joray, born March 20, 1850, married April 18, 1874.
- 18 80 Mary (Schindler) Helper, born September 17, 1858, married May 25, 1882.
- 81 John Francis Helper, born April 30, 1883.
- 82 Charles Raymond Helper, born September 16, 1884.
- 83 Ida May Helper, born January 30, 1886.
- 21 84 Alice (Deal) Spearow, born November 29, 1857, married January 1, 1878.
- 85 Inez (Spearow) Hammond, born February 2, 1881, married August 25, 1904.
- 86 Daisy (Spearow) Vail, born December 8, 1886, married January 23, 1907.
- 22 87 Matilda (Schreder) Spearow, born June 23 1860 married December 22, 1878.
- 88 Lena (Spearow) Wilson, born February 17, 1884, married May 21, 1904.
- 89 Vivian (Spearow) Calkins, born April 7, 1887, married December 23, 1903.
- 90 Marie Spearow, born October 3, 1891.
- 23 91 Anna (Kalfus) Spearow, born April 15, 1860, married September 16, 1896.
- 27 92 Belle (Hamilton) Spearow, born October 6, 1862, married December 21, 1883.
- 91 Gladys (Spearow) Seibel, born October 15, 1885, married November 22, 1910.
- 92 Guy Spearow, born April 13, 1892, married February 25, 1912.
- 28 93 Margaret (Prentiss) Spearow, born October 31, 1871, married March 24, 1897.



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- 94 Anna Spearow, born January 12, 1898, died March 3, 1899.
- 29 95 Gertrude (Hulwick) Spearow, born August 21, 1872, married December 24, 1896.
- 96 Elsie Spearow, born April 10, 1902.
- 30 97 John Kain, born March 23, 1868, married February 12, 1891.
- 98 Cleo Kain, born January 1, 1892.
- 99 Fred Kain, born July 25, 1895.
- 100 Clinton Kain, born February 15, 1898.
- 101 Louis Kain, born December 18, 1907.
- 102 Hazel Kain, born April 20, 1909.
- 31 103 Helen (Prentiss) Spearow, born September 15, 1879, married March 2, 1898.
- 104 Frances Spearow, born June 10, 1899.
- 32 105 Walter Wade, born December 22, 1873, married August 5, 1896.
- 106 Roscoe Wade, born December 9, 1898.
- 107 Beulah Wade, born May 11, 1897.
- 108 Maggie Norris Wade, born December 6, 1905, died January 6, 1906.
- 109 Laurence Wade, born April 13, 1912.
- 36 110 Viola (Fiandt) Neifer, born March 9, 1862, married July 3, 1881, died September 16, 1881.
- 111 May (Chapman) Neifer, born October 5, 1861, married March 19, 1884.
- 112 Margaret (Miller) Neifer, born December 10, 1852, married June 10, 1889.
- 113 Winnie (Neifer) Pritchard, born November 1, 1886, married August 31, 1901.
- 114 Leroy Neifer, born January 15, 1891, died January 16, 1891.





- 115 Scudder Dale Neifer, born December 24, 1891.
- 37 116 Jessie (Longenecker) Neifer, born January 21, 1865, married October 6, 1881.
- 39 117 Minnie (Stiffney) Neifer, born May 26, 1874, married March 1, 1898.
- 118 Hazel V. Neifer, born April 4, 1892.
- 119 Amber Neifer, born December 25, 1895.
- 120 Merritt E. Neifer, born January 24, 1898.
- 121 Florence Neifer, born June 26, 1901.
- 44 122 Jennie (Wilson) Spearow
- 123 Lulu Spearow
- 124 Lovey May Spearow
- 125 James Spearow
- 45 126 William Teal, born March 4, 1858, married September 18, 1887.
- 127 Grace (Teal) Conklin, <sup>Saunders</sup> born May 8, 1890, married May 13, 1909.
- 46 128 David McKenzie, born January 15, 1860, married December 23, 1887.
- 129 Florence McKenzie, born September 28, 1888.
- 130 Myrtle McKenzie, born January 15, 1890.
- 131 David H. McKenzie, junior, born February 24, 1891, died February 25, 1891.
- 132 Blanche (McKenzie) Stenck, born August 5, 1892, married December 26, 1910.
- 133 Paul McKenzie, born September 9, 1894.
- 48 134 Cary Deter, born April 20, 1864, married November 10, 1889.
- 135 Frank Deter, born May 9, 1890.
- 136 Carl Deter, born October 15, 1892.
- 49 137 Myrtle (Williams) Spearow, born May 11, 1866, married June 13, 1903.



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- 50 138 Frank Sawyer, born December 2, 1862, married  
November 25, 1896.
- 51 139 Louisa (Binbaum) Spearow, born January 14,  
1870, married January 19, 1909.
- 52 140 Lizzie (Hoops) Spearow, married Jan. 6, 1895.
- ALBERT RAMPH- 141 Ralph Spearow, born October 3, 1896.
- 142 Carl Spearow
- 143 Birdena Spearow, born June 26, 1902.
- 55 144 Mintie (White) Spearow, born April 16, 1862,  
married February 11, 1886.
- 145 Vesta (Spearow) Shaffer, born September 19,  
1886, married November 28, 1906.
- 146 Clarence Spearow, born February 28, 1888, died  
September 16, 1909
- 147 Gusta Spearow, born June 17, 1892, married Oct-  
ober 5, 1913.
- 148 Clifford Spearow, born May 19, 1895.
- 56 149 Alice (Hanna) Spearow, born May 13, 1863,  
married May 13, 1906.
- 58 150 Clista (Hedglin) Spearow, born October 7, 1873,  
married August 16, 1896, died July 29, 1913.
- 151 Bessie Spearow, born October 7, 1897.
- 152 Dessie Spearow, born September 18, 1898, died  
April 16, 1908.
- 153 Amy Spearow, born October 16, 1899.
- 154 Russell Spearow, born October 4, 1900.
- 155 Earl Spearow, born August 20, 1902.
- 156 Cecil Spearow, born April 22, 1904.
- 157 Arthur Spearow, born August 26, 1905.
- 158 Ray Spearow, born May 16, 1908, died June 25,  
1911.
- 159 Franklin Spearow, born June 26, 1910.



- 59 160 William DeLong, born March 29, 1854, married  
January 1, 1891.
- 161 Glenn DeLong, born October 30, 1891.
- 162 Jessie DeLong, born February 25, 1898.
- 163 Ina DeLong, born June 30, 1900.
- 164 Vida DeLong, born December 6, 1903.
- 165 Dallas DeLong, born February 14, 1907.
- 60 166 Sumner Hughes, born June 13, 1878, married  
July 27, 1899.
- 167 Flossie Hughes, born July 24, 1900.
- 168 Robert Hughes, born November 2, 1902.
- 169 Howard Hughes, born January 7, 1909.
- 62 170 Anna (Randol) Spearow, born August 14, 1881,  
married September 7, 1902, died April 4, 1906.
- 171 Clara (Randol) Spearow, born May 18, 1887,  
married January 3, 1907.
- 172 Anna P. Spearow, born April 19, 1908.
- 173 Ruby L. Spearow, born June 16, 1910. (p. 226)
- 63 174 Abraham Needham, born March 12, 1866, mar-  
ried August 15, 1888.
- 175 Ray Needham, born July 10, 1889.
- 176 Ruby Needham, born July 2, 1892.
- 177 Ruth Needham, born December 8, 1897.
- 178 Ruah Needham, born December 1, 1900.
- 64 179 Mary (Hess) Spearow, born October 8, 1869,  
married September 25, 1891.
- 180 H. Glen Spearow, born July 22, 1896.
- 181 Herschel F. Spearow, born October 2, 1898. - died Feb 14 1965
- 182 Paul D. Spearow, born July 24, 1904.
- 183 Ralph E. Spearow, born July 25, 1906.
- 65 184 May (Himes) Spearow, born November 12, 1878,  
married June 28, 1899.



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- 66 185 Blanche (North) Spearow, born January 11,  
1881, married November 21, 1900.  
186 Ruth N. Spearow, born May 6, 1902.  
187 Wilma B. Spearow, born October 15, 1905.  
69 188 Alva B. Cole, born August 28, 1869, married  
August 25, 1897.  
189 Esther L. Cole, born June 14, 1899.  
190 Marion M. Cole, born February 22, 1903.  
191 Lora A. Cole, born October 6, 1905.  
192 Alva B. Cole, born September 17, 1907.  
193 Emory W. Cole, born February 12, 1911.  
74 194 Florence(Case) Spearow, born July 6, 1888,  
married December 20, 1896.  
195 Retha Spearow, born July 2, 1900.  
196 Steward Spearow, born September 11, 1901.  
197 Dorotha B. Spearow, born December 4, 1904,  
died January 23, 1907.  
198 Donald L. Spearow, born September 21, 1908,  
died February 19, 1909.  
199 Wendell A. Spearow, born January 22, 1910.  
200 Harry S. Spearow, born February 17, 1912.  
76 201 David Wright, born September 28, 1873, married  
October 30, 1895.  
202 Russell L. Wright, born June 3, 1897, died  
September 19, 1898.  
203 Floyd E. Wright, born September 11, 1900.  
204 Lawrence J. Wright, born January 2, 1906.  
77 205 Charley Wicuff, born May 10, 1870, married  
November 3, 1901.  
206 Don H Wicuff, born May 14, 1910.  
207 Lloyd A. Wicuff, born September 21, 1913.





- 78 208 Charity (Lothry) Hunt, born December 13, 1874, married April 9, 1897.
- 86 209 Leroy Vail, born April 22, 1878, married January 23, 1907.
- 210 Ralph S. Vail, born January 10, 1911.
- 88 211 Earl Wilson, born May 21, 1882, married May 21, 1904.
- 212 Irene Wilson, born March 9, 1905.
- 213 Dale Wilson, born November 18, 1907.
- 89 214 Lewis B. Calkins, born June 1, 1883, married December 23, 1903.
- 215 Juanita Calkins, born July 20, 1905.
- 113 216 Earl Pritchard, born October 19, 18- -, married August 31, 1901.
- 127 217 Elmer Conklin, born February 22, 1888, married May 13, 1909.
- 218 George T. Conklin, born January 13, 1911.
- 219 Mary Conklin, born December 25, 1912.
- 131 220 Rhenold Steuck, married December 26, 1910.
- 221 Paul D. Steuch, born November 30, 1911.
- 135 222 Mabel (Young) Deter,
- 145 223 Charles E. Shaffer, born August 10, 1880, married November 28, 1906.
- 224 Leah M. Shaffer, born August 5, 1913.
- 147 225 Earl M. Long, married October 5, 1913.
- 62 226 ~~Thelma~~ June Spearow, born June 30, 1913.

*Edith*













